one which does not reflect any particular credit on America; and, indeed, his attitude toward Americans, while not so outspokenly critical as that of Dickens, is in these writings distinctly hostile and contemptuous. The cartoon in question is en-'Who's Afraid? or, the Oregon Question, and was drawn by Leech in 1845. Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Rus ell are rep-resented in belligerent attitudes, while a typical American (according to Lee h's noresented in beligerent attitudes, while a typical American (according to Lee h's notice) and King Louis Philippe are in the background. The French king is trying to be conserved the "hearten-up" his much-alarmed friend, who, without removing his pistol-hand from his packet or laying down his giern. from his pocket or laying down his cigar, anxiously enquires: "Do yer think he's in arnest?" Two others, described we'l enough by the titles, are "Young Yankee Noodle teaching Grandmother Britannia to suck cars" and little President Polk show.

die, strike your own father?
In an amusing dialogue satirizing the
Chartist principles, Thackeray introduces
as characters "Colonel Sithy, an English
gentlemen and member of Parliament, and
Mr. Y. Doodle, a gentleman from Philadel-The dialogue opens as follows:

Gentleman from Philadelphia Tieur cider we had at dinner was tarnation good, but d— your pickles, Colonel. Why, the stones on 'em's fit to choke a body.

Colonel—Cider! Pickles! The cider was champagne, and the pickles are olives, Mr. Yankee, (Aside.) What an ignorant sen of a gun it is!

Thackeray is much milder in his public riticisms of America than Dickens was, but it must be remembered that this appeared without his signature. Still an-other satire of the character and policy of

Polk—Am I in a Christian land, to hear myrelf called by such names? Are we ment Are we brethren? Have we blessings and privileges, or have we not? I come of a country the most enlightened, the most religious, the most freest, honestest, punctualest on this sixth, I do.

Mr. Aberdeen, with a prefound how—You are an American, I suppose?

Polk—I thank a gracious musty I am! I can appeal to everything that is hely, and, laying my hand on my heart, declare I am an homest man.

Then he goes on to admit that he sold the dog to "Don Bernardo Murphy," that an old servant of his stole the animal, and that he simply "re-annexed it." He goes on to say:

If all this had been printed over Thackeray's signature at the time, it is probable that his works would not have sold quite so well in 1845 among argent amexation-ists and other American book buyers as they did; but "Punch" is little read in this country, and nobody knew that Thackeray had written these satires, and the issue has now been dead as long as the authoreven longer. There is little cause for complaint, since the satirist was quite as hard upon his own country, in certain ways, as he was upon America. If he represented the typical American as a lying, illiterate, thieving trickster, he was, at any rate, no

worse than "Punch." Among other features of this work are "fragments of the History of Cashmere," or Bagdad, or some similar province, in which current even's are treated in the syle of the "Arabian Nights." Thackeray's talent for humorous verse is also shown once more in numerous lyrics and ballads, some political and some otherwise.

Same of the political references will probably be unintelligible to the average American reader, but others will be un-derstood and enjoyed. Prince Aibert comes in for a good deal of amiable fun, and among the caricatures is a burleague por-trait of His Royal Highness, with 'escrip-tion of the same by a heatified headle, who is ecstatic at the thought that Prince Al-bert is holding his (the headle's) particular staff in his hand. The spelling is thoroughly Thackerayan

The letter is dated from the Quadrant, "Hospit the Fire Hoffs." The picture is thus described: "Ris Rile Eyeness (womb Evins press,vo) to pointed in his Feel Martial Younform, his to rollin about like hanythine. he olds his Cock-At and phethurs. He has his borders on the Garte on his breast, and the Golden Fless round his huzzz is coming up to him with his and Whinner Critical is drawn up at the he Sean, with a quanty Hamyounition and

ning-fails.

I his rite & he olds my staf-sois the Oss. H is the Huzza* and S is
own identical staugh as hever was.

Not the least interesting feature of the book are the illustrations, some of which cause one must know a great deal about are from drawings by Thackeray, others the life in order to write this sort of literation the work of Lerch. (New York: ture; and those who do, care little about Harper & Bross

In Old Virginia.

"To Have and to Hold," by Miss Mary Johnston, has been one of the most thoroughly advertised novels of the year. Many book lovers treat such works rather gingerly, knowing by experience that the viewer need have any hesitation in adding to these endorsements. The romance is one of the best ever written of old Virginia life, full of fire, passion, pathos, adventure, humor, and all the other things which go to make up a good novel, mingled as cur ningly as the host of an old fashioned Vir-ginia house party mixes the ingredients of his punch. The fact that the author is a young girl, and that this is her second book, may interest the general public but if the story had come out anonymously it would still have been reasonably sure of

ero is a gentleman of Jamestown, and a friend of John Rolfe. In the begin-ning of the tale he considers himself a confirmed bachelor. In a whim of the mo-ment, having heard that a cargo of "king's" this type of man is the most characterishe will stake his fortune on a cast of the dies, and, should he throw ambe-ace, will ful, he is during, and above all he is magnes on the morrow to seek a wife from the assembly. He carries out this fanciful is like wrought steel and his heart is apt assembly. He carries out this fanciful is like wrought steel and his heart is apt soming resolution, and rescues a damsel of delicate mold from two rough fellows who are maltreating her. She accepts him as man portrays him, and this unpretentious twent

of personality and quick wit, holds his own upon a painst the daredevil crew until he cornes to grief through his refusal to fire upon on English ship. The conception is an original and daring one, and carried out most eleverly.

Perhaps the strongest points of the book are its plot and the graphic descriptions which seem to carry one back into the very midst of colonial days. The local color is wenderfully vivid, and the historical details are correct. But the character drawing is also worthy of notice, and Jocelyn Leigh, subsequently Mistress Percy, is as captivating a heroine as can be found among the maidens of this season's romances. Captain Percy is a heroic figure, but not too heroic to be rerd, and hes some saving touches of human imper-

In Old New England.

"The Love of Parson Lord; and Other Stories," by Mary E. Wilkins, is a little book containing five stories in Miss Wiling fight to John Bull, who exclaims with a laugh: "What! You young Yankee Noodle, strike your own father?" kins' well-known style—or styles, for sha has two distinct ways of telling a story; and while both are characteristic, they and while both are characteristic, they differ emphatically from each other. The better known of these is the careful, realistic character portrayal of "A Humble Romance," "The Revolt of Mother," and other tales of modern rural New England; full of quaint, dry humor and cynicism which is still kindly and devoid of bitterness. The other manner is less familiar to the public. She saves this for After all is said. the most complete of the stories is possibly that of the McWilliams special is special. The description of the stories of old New England, delicate pictures of gentiemen and gentiewomen of begone days, full of the glamour of the system of gentiemen and gentiewomen of begone days, full of the glamour of the eighteenth century, and dainty as meient, seems of lavender in an old-time gown. Arrestional adies in rural neightorhoods around the stories of a favender in an old-time gown. Arrestional adies in rural neightorhoods around the stories of a wrongst wonderful embroid cries, of a wrongst wonderful embroid residue of the river variing for the catastrophe and the stories of the rural properties when a stories of the river variing for the catastrophe are residued in the rural neightorhoods around the stories of the river variing for the catastrophe are residued in the rural neightorhoods around the stories of the river variing for the catastrophe are residued to the river variing for the c peared without his signature of the character and policy of this country takes the form of a dialogue on "Dog Annexation," Polk being charged with robbing the Mexican Minister of a favorite dog, named Texas. Polk is represented as "a very sanctimentous looking sented as "a very sanctimentous looking but one of the stories in the present volume belong to this class. "The Love of the stories in the present volume belong to this class." The Love of the stories in the present volume belong to this class. "The Love of the stories in the present volume belong to this class." I scorn a defence. The dog returned to me by a lor of nature It's wicked to fly aginst a lor of nature. It's wicked to fly aginst a lor of nature. It's wicked to fly aginst a lor of nature. It's wicked to fly aginst a lor of nature. It's wicked to fly aginst a lor of two and the element of things, he comes took to me—and I to blame? It's monatrous, helmos, right blaspheny to have that all men should be brought to have the ballered to be the truth. He was what he believed to be the truth. He was narrow; but he was a descendant, by apostolic succession, of the early Christian martyrs, and a certain fineness of fibre and tenacity of resolution was developed in him, which has served his descendants

well in these more liberal days. Parson Lord was a man of this type, and he brought up his little daughter with an unflinching hardness which tortured him more than it did her. Miss Wilkins has never done a finer bit of work than the parson's diary at the end of the story. In this is revealed the fact that the old man had, against what he believed to be his best convictions, allowed himself to bebest convictions, allowed himself to be-stow upon his daughter little gifts, and sometimes great ones—which she believ-ed to come from "the squire's lady." No one can read the pathetic entries without understanding that this man mistaker, though his course was, followed his own conscience. The traditions of his forefathers, too stern and severe, were to blame for his cold, hard life, not he. Next to this the best story of the five

is perhaps "One Good Time," which deals with some familiar modern types. It describes an escapade of two women, who have been pinched and starved all their lives and are finally left a legacy of fifteen hun dred dollars. The daughter passionately declares that she is going to New York to have "one good time," no matter how much it costs. The story is almost pure and with a great deal of human nature in its quict form. The other stories are "The Tree of Knowledge," "The Three Old Sis-ters, and the Old Beau," and "Catharine a story of the Revolution, (New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.25.)

More Railroad Stories.

For at least forty years after railway romance began in real life there were no railroad stories except those told in the caboose and the round-house. This is be-

to word-juggling. Nevertheless, it was as certain as anything can be that the innumerable tales, tragic, heroic, humorous, pathetic, which have to do with the road, would be written some day, and it looks just now as if the day had come. More books of this type have been issued in the last five years than in the whole history of American fiction previous to that time. Some of them were written by telegraphers or engineers, little used to scribbling; others by men with training for literary work. Warman and Hamblen have already made reputations in this line, and a good third is Frank H. Spearman, whose book, "The Nerve of Foley, and Other Railroad Stories," har-just come off the press. In fact, one is tempted to consider Mr. Spearman's book "the best yet" in some respects. There are ten stories in it, and not one is the least bit dull or uninteresting. The individuality of every man is sharply accented, there is no cheap sentiment or tawdry rhetoric, and there is plenty of the peculiar, grim, kindis about to arrive, he declares that | tically American we have. He is cosmo

The Hitherto Unidentified Contributions of W. M. Thackaray to "Punch" is the somewhat elaborate title of a volume which is a worthy supplement to the biographical distribution of Thackaray's works published last year. Besides the work of Thackaray, the book contains a bibliography of the author's writings from 1843 to 1868. The editor is M. H. Speimann, author of "The Hitherto Cinicians and explanatory notes."

Perhaps the most interesting feature of this work is the revisition of the sarriary and explanatory notes. Builting and the connection of the most pictures of the sarriary as a political writer. The case numerous finished that the point of the most interesting feature of this work is the revisition of the great political writer. The case of this work is the revisition of the great political writer. The case of the point of the most pictures are all the point of the marriage with the politic of the marriage with a political writer. The case of the politic of the most pictures of this work is the revisition of the great political writer. The case of the work is the revisition of the great political writer. The case of the work is the revisition of the great political writer. The case of the work is the revisition of the great political writer. The case of the work is the revisition of the great political writer. The case of the work is the revisition of the great political writers and the political writers are also as a political writers are the some which describes the content of the work in the work is the some three this case of the work in the work is the point of the marriage with a political writers. The case of the work is the point of the rapid. The work is the revisition of the great political writers are also as a political writers are to even a despite the point of the marriage with a political writers. The work is the revisition of the great political writers are also as a political writers are the point of the marriage with a political writers are also as a political writers are the content of

Owing to this he had been given a freight train for the first trip, with nothing particularly valuable aboard. He tells the fight into their fiction, but Mr. Lindsey is writer that there is "a stiff hill" near

Again, a train-despatcher, in speaking of a Western blizzard, says that it blew so hard that night that it blew most of the color out of his hair. He was a Titianheaded Irishman. Moreover. "Siclone" [Sak during average of the light of the blad of the light of the l

the stories is possibly that of the McWil-li ms special. The description of the train-merely an engine, a dispideted

Things have been said about a certain chapter in "Captains Courageous," which is supposed to owe its origin to the same incident which probably suggested Mr. Spear
Stevens, is a somewhat sombre romance of the New Amsterdam Book Company. Of the New Amsterdam Book Company. that which Kipling uses in a similar connection. "6,7" is said to resemble "a hunted cat on top of a fence." Readers can take their choice, but some will undoubted-ly be inclined to say that this American railroad man has beaten the Anglo-Indian at his own trade—that of personifyin things and coining figures of rhetoric. M spearman certainly makes his engines seem alive, and without any unnecessary strain on the imagination, at that (New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.25.)

A Royal Romance.

"The King's Mirror," by Anthony Hope is a romance of a type slightly differen from that of the author's former works Its most striking characteristic is that to is a thoroughly artistic and consistent pois a thoroughly artistic and consistent por-trait of an individual, and that individual a king. Royal personages have figured in many tales, from nursery folklore to the latest work of Mr. Richard Harding Davis, but it is rare to find a novelist who has the temerity to attempt to portray the in-ner life of a monarch—to tell the king; story from his own point of view. This seems to be Mr. Hope's main purpose in the present narrative, and he has cert-inly succeeded most brilliantly. He has drawn for us a man, quite human

and without more than a reasonable share of vanity brought up from babyhood to be and to feel unlike others; he traces with the most delicate skill the processes of thought by which this man discovers his powers and his limitations; there is a subtle vein of humor running through i all, and a yet more subtle and far deepe element of pathos. The king finds earl; that his title involves more responsibilitie and duties than amusement; he is perilous ly near the conclusion, in later life, that all natural, simple, human pleasures are to be denied him by the mere fact of his kingship. All this is indicated by touches so light that one sees only the finished picture, not the process. It is a psychologi-cal photograph, and, taken as a whole, a most remarkable piece of work. While the character-drawing is the

strongest feature of the book, there i plot enough to keep the reader interested and seldom, indeed, is it possible to prophesy the outcome of any given situation. The denouements are generally a unexpected as that of the first chapter was to the eight-year-old king, who; or making a trial of kingly power by refusing to go to bed when told, in the evening o his coronation day, was summarily char-tised to teach him that kings must obe orders, just like ordinary small boys. Th situation as Mr. Hope describes it is quaint mingling of the comic and the pa

This combination is found here there all through the book. We find the king fighting a duel with a nobleman of the court, with the prearrangement, to prevent scandal, that if either is killed witnesses shall testify that it was an ac cident. We find him giving up this, that and the other wish of his heart, for stat reasons through a stubborn, half-unrea-soning notion of the sacredness of his duty. Sometimes he is not very sure what his duty as king may be—this boy of twent -one or two—and seems to be guid-

little book will go far to establish in his true place one of the heroic figures of American history. Nothing has had more to do with the phenomenal development and prosperity of our country than the railroads, and it is the American eugineer and fireman who make these possible.

There is a crispness and verve in the style of this writer which ought to give him a reputation even if he had no story to tell. But he has one to tell, every time, and that adds to the charm of the book. Each one of the tales is different, and has a special reason for its being. The only one in which there is any elaborate plot is.

"The Sky Scraper," which describes the recurion of a father and son in circumstances curiously dramatic. The con which gives the title to the book deals with a little, wiry, daredevil Irishman, who took out an engine during a strike. "The Kid

fight into their fiction, but Mr. Lindsey is one. He says that one evening he saw a crowd in the street, evidently gathered around two dogs having a quarrel. He el-Zanesville.

"Any trouble to climb it?" I asked, for I had purposely given him a beavy train.
"Not with that car of butter. If you hold that butter another week it will climb a hill without any engine."

"Any trouble to climb it?" I asked, for I had around two does having a quarrel. He ellowed his way through—and he admits that he is not sure that his motive was the apparation of the combatants—and found them to be a St. Bernard and "a very reall and intensely angry terrier, weigh-

color out or his hair. He was a Titian-headed Irishman. Moreover, "Siclone" 'Clark, during a strike, swore that he would kill the first man who took his engine out. A man named Fitzpatrick got the job. He was told of the vow. Mr. Spearman says: Pitapatrick shifted to the other leg.

"Did he say what I would be doing while that agoing on?"

After all is said, the most complete of

ed away. At this point appeared on the scene some

Florida in the days when Frenchman and man's story. Discussion was also created by ".007," which purported to be a tale of Spaniard struggled for the ownership. It an American cugine told from the engine's is carefully written and full of historical an American engine told from the engine's point of view. But it is probable that an impartial public—especially one thickly sprinkled with railroad men—will declare that "The McWilliams Special" makes Mr. Kipling's carefully constructed work look like a heap of scrap iron. It is rather interesting to compare Mr. Spearman's simile for the engine as she crossed the bridge to that which Kipling uses in a similar containing the containing th are French refugees, escaped from a Spanish massacre. The hero takes refuge with the Indians, when a boy, and owing to a blow on the head, forgets all his past life He is finally, after many years, discovered by his mother, who wanders into the woods in search of him, and calls back his memori s of childhood. She dies, after telling her son the story of her own wrongs at the hands of his father's enemy, and the aim of the young man's life themseforth is to avenge the death of his parents. Eugenie Brissot, the heroine, comes into his life before this alm is fulfilled, and his life before this aim is fulfilled, and the chapter which describes the months passed by the two among the Indians is a charming idyl of the forest. The atmos-phere of the story is realistic, and the motive is both original and full of ideality. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.25.)

With Sword and Crucifix." by Edwar S. Van Ziie, is a story of adventure in New Spain, in the days of De Soto. There are Indians in It, and Spaniards, and Frenchmen and Mexican sun-worshipers, and onsiderable fighting, intrigue and adven ture. The tale is simply told, and the hero is an admirable character. The heroine is a charming Spanish maiden, captured by the sun-worshipers and held prisone under the impression that she is Coyocop the goddess of the sun. The plot has on striking characteristic, it is absolutely impenetrable. Of course, the reader knows that the hero and heroine are going to come out of their nel of tribulations some, how or other, but how, not the astutest of novel-consumers could guess until the proper time. Their plight, up to almost the last minute, seems quite hopeless, and full of danger from all sides. They are im-periled if they go to France, if they are discovered by the Spanish, if they stay among the ravages. However, all is serene at the last, and no one can help being glad. There is one curious thing about the

ok which may or may not be intentional on the part of the author. All through the first part of the story, when the heroine peaks to her father, or he to her, the talk in a sort of blank verse. As in some parts of "Loria Doone" the words fall in-evitably into metrical form. It is quite asy to write nearly all of these speeches in the form of blank verse, thus: Julia says:

The sea is kind to us. See youder rainbow "gainst the purple east, An enten such as that is worth a candle to St. Christopher. And her father replies:

Tis not so atrange the saints should wish well.
We go to serve the work of Mother Church.
To tell the heathen of Mary and her Son,
To raise the cross where blood-soaked intol stand.
To fight the devil with the Book and prayer. And the girl's persecutor says thus

Tis no mad fancy nor an idle boast Which you have heard from me. I know a power.
If you are wise, you'll take my word for his.

If the work of some alleged poets read as rippingly as this, their readers would be less inclined to makees. If Mr. Van Zile meant this book for a drama, and then turned it into a novel, he did not quite eftransformation, (New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.50.)

LITERARY NOTES.

The "London Globe" says:

The "London Globe" says:

Lewis Carroll's special gift for homorous inversions was never better filiustrated than is one of the letters to little girls printed in "The Lewis Carroll Picture Book."

"I may as well just tell you a few of the things I like, and then, whenever you want to give me a birthday present (my birthday comes once every seven years on the fifth Tassday in April) you will know what to give n.e. Well, I like, very much indeed, a little mistard with a lit ober specad thinly under it; and I like brown sugar—only it should have some apple pudding mixed with it to keep it from being too wavet; but perhaps what I like best of all is salt, with some soup poured over it. The use of the some is to hinder the salt from being too dity, and it helps to melt it."

Of course, it is possible to do that sort of thing deliberately, sitting down to it with a model before one; but with Lewis Carroll it was natural and spontaneous.

One of the best instances of this kind of humor, outside of Lewis Carroll, is in a story of the great Pumas. Arriving one stilling het day a, his son's house, he substined in a chair in the graden, in the hope of catching a little breeze But none came. "Alexandre, Alexandre!" he cribed to his son in the house, "topen the windaw, I beseeth you, and let a little air into the garden."

Some old friends of Booth Tarkington, the talented young Indiana novelist, have been telling tales of his personal appearance in his college days. This Mr. Tarkington does not like and in a letter to

Some old friends of Booth Tarkington, the talented young Indiana novelist, have been telling tales of his personal appearance in his college days. This Mr. Tarkington does not like, and in a letter to a friend he says: "Nice way to talk about a man—tell how ugly he used to be!—You ought to see me now. I wasn't beautiful at twenty—that much I grant—but oh, a wondrous grace has descended upon my flower face with the advance of middle years. My nose is no longer Cyranesaue. years. My nose is no longer Cyranesque, and I'm in demand as a model by such painters as Tadema, who desire to study the pure Greek type as softened and glorified by transplanting to Indiana."

It is not often that a writer of fiction It is not often that a writer of fiction displays such a power of realism as to succeed in convincing the reading public that his fables are facts. In the case of "H. Lukeman," however, who wrote a short story for last October's "McClure's" entitled "The Killing of the Mammoth," his tale was taken, not as the result of a fertile imagination, but as a contribution to natural history. It is on record that ever since the appearance of the story in the magazine the authorities of the Smithson-ian Institution, in which Mr. Lukeman located the remains of the beast of his fancy, have been besieged with visitors to see the stuffed mammoth, while the editors of "McClure's" have received numerous letters filled with enquiries for more information and for requests to settle wagers as to whether it was a true story or not

"Trusts and the Public" is the title of M. George Gunton's important new book, which is to be published immediately by D. Appleton & Co.

That the verse of Edward Rowland Sill has taken a foremost and permanent place in American poetry now seems certain. Every anthology of American metrical composition includes specimens of his verses, the "Fool's Prayer" being notably a favorite for this use. Since the poet's death in 1887, the volumes of his verse have had a sale which constitutes a disproof of the frequently heard assertion, that interest in poetry is declining. It is probably more correct to say that taste in verse is rising, and that the "boudoir poet" is no longer in favor, while the virile singer is in demand. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will soon publish a volume of the dead singer's prose and letters.

"By the Marshes of Minas" is a collection of magazine stories by Charles G. D. Roberts, the scene of all of them being nonerts, the scene of all of them being had in old Acadia, when the French and English were struggling for the mastery of North America and the English were pushing the French out of Nova Scotia. The netorious Father Le Garne, the "Black Abbe," with his band of savage Micmacs figure in nearly all the stories.

The author of "Knights in Fustian," ; story of "Copperhead" plotting in Indiana during the war for the Union, is a young woman, native to the scenes of which she writes. Caroline Brown is one of the names frequently seen in the lists of conributors to periodical literature, but 'Knights in Fustian' is her first large es-

The initial volumes of a series of "Brief Memoirs of Eminent Englishmen," to be called the Westminster Biographies, will shortly be issued in this country and in England, the first to appear being a "De Foe," by Wilfred Whitten; a "Wesley," by Frank Banfield, and a "Browning," by Arthur Waugh.

The "Conversationings" of Diedrich Dinthe "Libraries of Best Literature," now so common, Mr. Dinkelspiel says: "Lidera-ture und milk dey was a resemblance to such odder dese days, because skience has discofered how to condensation them both.

"The Secret of Kyriels," by E. Neshit, is an English novel in which there is a country bouse with a mystery, villainous plotting, crimes of various kinds, misery, and suffering, and in the end everything cleared up and happiness coming when ruin and more misery impended.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have discovered such to their disgust, that they have published a stolen novel. It is "Aboard the American Duchers," It is Aboard the American Pachers, by George L. Myers. It was stolen from "The Queen of Night." by Headon Hill, published by Ward, Lock & Co., in London,

The manuscript was accepted by G. P. Putnam's Sons after it had been approved by four readers. None had read the work of Headon Hill. A week after the publication of "Aboard the American Duchess" several friends of G. P. Putnam's Sons sent to them copies of Headen Hill's "The Queen of Night."

They did not have to mark passeages Myers copied almost textually everything-plot, incidents, style. He changed the title of the plagiarized book and the names of the personages; he transferred the scene from London to New York, and he made of a New York detective a London detective-then he copied the rest.

E. S. Van Zile, author of a novel, elsewhere reviewed in our columns, says: "This tale had its origin in a half page of Francis Parkman's 'La Salle.' I never written historical regionee, while I felt the inspiration of an inlightly touched upon by Parkman, I realized that a large amount of drudgery was necessary to give the story I had in mind its reassemblance. I began investigation connected with the Mississippi sun-wor shipers the Natchez Indians and as I pursued my studies my tale developed Reself. Historically and ethologically the data used in my story are absolutely acurate, unless the accepted authorities are at fault.

Parkman will prove to be a gold mine to the American story-tellers of the fu-ture. Gilbert Parker, Mrs. Catherwood, and others, have already profited by the inspiration that lurks between the covers of his too few volumes. I firmly believe that the American historical remance is not a fad, but a fixture. The more romantic the achievements of today, the greater will be the interest in every feature of our national past. In other words, I believe that La Salle's voyage down the Missisippi gains a new significance because ou have become a factor in the Far

The sudden death of Richard Hove, will be a loss to American literature. No other of our younger poets and playwright seems likely to fill his place.

It is told of Harris Dickson that when he came to tell of the road to Versailles in his spirited story "The Black Wolfs Breed," he found the descriptions at hand inadequate and his memory uncertain, so France and walked over the road from Dieppe to Versailles.

The "Minneapolis Tribune" gravely in forms us that among the American books which have found favor in the last few years is "The Damnation of Theron Ware," by Frederic Harrison!

CURRENT VERSE

But manhood came, nor yet her trumpe

But manhood came, and spoke—
spoke—
And Distillation mocked the arts of Art. *

I saw the One of all things—branching trees
That fork the bird-nests, as the branching rivers
That fork the nests of men—and saw, beyond,
The field transected the One, where tangent spirit
Would leave to stayes all spheric barmonies—
Till knowledge fells the last man as the first.

Till knowledge fells the last man as the first.

How long Redemption waits!-For the How long Redemption waits!—For they are gone—
The rosebloom of my youth, the tireless limbs, The velvet pointed lips that beauty woosed With long, mute kisses in the hooded night, Or on the spongy mead when sodden June Gushed milk in the rank-sprouting grass, and

Gushed milk in the rank-sprouting grass, and blood. Hot, fitteful, through the yearning arms, And to the throbbing heart.—Could I forget! Throw off this sorry wisdom, and inch deep Besmear my wrinkles—young by torchlight yet! Then leap to the areas!—who should know The smiling athlete had a gressome clack, Until the lamps were lowering!—Late, oh, late! The westering pathos glooms the fervent hours. Again my gray gull lifts against the nightfall, And takes the damp leagues with a shoreless eye.—Benjamin Paul Blood, in Scrüner's Megazine.

The Infinities.

Time and space and Number flow Ever onward; none shall know Whence they come or where they go, None shall know; they will not bend Their majestic course; nor blend, infinite, with things that end.

None shall know; the mind may sound breaming voids, and find no bound To the wall-less prison round. Winding sheet of woven shade,

None shall e'er thy word evade; None shall know! 'T is thou hast said.

None; unless man, too, may elimb Clear of bounds, till Thought sublime Conquer Number, Space, and Time. -Curtis Hidden Page. The Coming of the Dreams.

Would you look on Paradise, It must be with closed eyes, On beyond the meadow flowers, On beyond the forest bowers, On beyond, the first Chose, oh, close your eyes! One by one, the dreams come on, Gimmer, glisten, and are guire. See them while you may; None will come another day.

Would you hear the singing spheres, Lie and list with closed ears.

Neath the wind-harps in the bowers,

Neath the feet of happy hours,

Sweet as thought on other years—
Shut, oh, shut your ears!

One by one, the dreams come on;

A breath, a whisper—they are gone.

Hear then while you may;

None will come another day.

John Vance Chency, in the Atlantic.

Wizardry.

The little cloud curled on the hill,
Night's filmy dream-shape, impering still;
Some glint from out the shining day
Which would not follow him away,
But wanders yet by wood and attraum,
Betwixt a shadow and a gleam;
The subtile breath of thicket bowers,
Sweet as with spirits of the flowers;
The airy hammers of the tain,
Tapping, then iestant still again;
The timid whispered ministrelay
Of winds beginning in the tree—
Could I repout what 't is liese say to me,
Then would I be high pricat of wizardry.

— John Vance Cheney, in the Atlantic.

I hear from the shade of the fir trees. The fisher's flute again— His importante Limentations, His pression and his pain.

Proud lords and lovely fadles Like a pleasure boat on high, The lords sang amorous ditties,

They stole apart in the darkness, And plighted hearts and hands, Or, stiffing sones with langhter, Danced on the yellow sands.

There is more in the fisher's music, Of passion and of pain, Than he knows, And here at midnight It comes to me again.

Comes tack with a silent sorrow,
The weight of tents unsted,
The locating for vanished voices,
The loved, the lost-the dead!
-Richard Henry Studdard, in the Century. Brok and Dream

The glories latter on the mountain crown, The amount blue heavens let their quiet down And up the wood path, wandering in and in, Now dusk and dream their ministry begin. Blithe shapes peer after them, but well the

knew
They never may that slumbreus jearney go;
The little wandering lights no longer leap,
And leaf on leat the cool trees droop in sleep Hence, at silence, save the far-off sound

Haunting for aye the darkened forest ground; Memory of sweetest wit," and bird that sing Lives on, lives on, mired in the minimuring, —John Vance Chency, in the Atlantic. To the Lapland Longspor

Oh, thou northland boblink, Looking over summer's brink. Up to winter, wern and dim, Pecring down from mountain rim, Something takes res in thy note, Quivering wing and bubbling throat; Something moves me in thy ways-Bird rejoicing in the days, In thy upward-lovering flight, in thy and of black and white, Chestnut cape and circled crown; no the main of specified brown; Surely I may passe and think Of my beylessal's bobolink. Oh, thou northland boblink,

Soaring over needow's wild (Greener pastures never smiled Raining russic from above, Full of rapture, full of leve; Frolic, give and detomir, Yet not all exempt from care. For the not is in the grass, And their worriest as I pass; But not bond not joint of mine. But nor hand nor feet of mine Shall do harm to thee or thine; I, musing, only pause to think Of my heybood's belouink.

But no behelink of min But no beboink of mine Ever sung o'er mead so fine, Starred with flowers of every his Gold and purple, white and blue; Painted cup, amenone, Jacob's fadder, flour de lis, Orchiel, harebell, fleur de lis, Crane's bill, lupite, seen atar, Printrose, pappy, satisfage, Pictured type of Nature's page— These and others here uniamed, in northinal gurdens yet uniam In northland gardens yet untame Deck the fields where thou dost a Mounting up on trembing wing; While is wistful mood I think Of my boyhood's bobolink.

On Unalisha's emerald lea,
On lonely isles in Behring Sea,
On far Siberia's brings shore,
On north Alaska's timelia floor,
At morn, at meen, in pallid night,
We heard thy song and saw thy flight,
While I, sighing, could but think
Of my boyhood's bollotink.

—John Burroughs, in the Century.

Poverty. Pair my estate at morn and I had at eve the self-same atore;
I had at eve the self-same atore;
Yet fate that day had beggared me, hone could I count mine no more, hone could I count mine to more.

—Arlo Butes.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Who was the first Pope?

St. Peter. How long has the City of Mexico had a ma-icipal council? S. B.

Nearly four hundred years. Were John Ruskin's literary efforts productive He is said to have had an income of \$30,-000 a year.

When and where was Sitting Bull killed?

On December 15, 1890, in his camp near Grand River, N. D.

Has Missouri suffered greatly from tornadors furing the past decade? X. These storms have caused \$15,000,000 less in the State mentioned since 1990.

When did Dion Boucleault die? 2. What was his greatest play? 2. How is his name pronounc-In 1890. 2, "London Assurance." 3. Boo-

Who are our ambassadors to England, Germany, and France? G. H. To Great Britain, Joseph H. Choate; to Germany, Andrew D. White; to France, Horace Porter.

Did the attorney for the defence in the Moli-neux trial call any handwriting experts to the stand? SUBSCHIBER. No; Molineux's counsel introduced no testimony of any kind.

Hew much will the Transval Covernment save by its reduction of the wages of natives employed in the mines? C. O. Seventy-five million dollars a year, it is

In what waters is the lele of Man, and at what distance is it from the coast of England? V. E. It is in the Irish Sea, twenty-seven miles distant from the nearest points of England and Ireland, and sixteen miles

from the coast of Scotland. How is a theatrical stock company organized? C. C.

The players are hired by a manager who has entire charge of the enterprise. The general rule is that the actor furnishes costumes for modern society plays, the manager supplying those for costume plays and spectacles,

When did the Jameson raid occur and how many raiders were there? X. X. X. Preparations began early in the fall of 1895, and the raid began December 29, 1895. The first interchange of shots took place on December 31, and the raiders sur-rendered on February 2. There were be-tween 500 and 600 of them at the start. They were armed with Lee-Metford rifles,

and took along eight Maxim guns.

Has the Prince of Wales any efficial position in the British Army? 2. What is the greatest gold producing country in the world? 3. Is Queen Victoria at the head of the Episcopal Church in America? C. V. D.

He is a field marshal. 2. Africa, under

normal conditions; the Boer war reduces the output somewhat. 2. No: the general convention, composed of bishops, clergymen, and laymen, is the governing body in Why is the airloin of beef so called? I have heard that one of the merric kings of England heighted it because of his great fordness for that particular cut.

James I was the monarch in the story, which makers of recent dictionaries do not accept, though they admit it was at one time widely believed. They trace the word to the French surlonge, and state that the present spelling was originally a corrup-tion of surloin.

What is the process of making malt? J. W. There are four successive operations. First, barley is souked in cold water in wooden cisterns for two or three days. Then it is heaped upon a floor, where it heats spontaneously and begins to sprout. Next the sprouted grain is gradually spread out thin to reduce the heat and check the germination. Finally the grain is dried in a kiln to a crisp, and the dry

What are the population, race descent, prevail-ing religion, and larguage of the Island of Santo Domingo? Would it be wise for a man of small means to settle there? KINGSTON.

The population is 1,211,625, the mass of which is of mixed blood, in which the African predominates. The prevailing reli-gion is Roman Catholic, and Spanish and French are the languages of trade. It is t an inviting place for settlers

present government. What were our imports and exports in 1966? 2. How many bales of cotton were exported Lat yets?

3. How many inhabitants and how many square miles of colonies does Germany possess? H. H.

Our exports for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1899, were \$1,203,931,222; the imports were \$697,148,489. 2. During that time there were exported to Europe 7,-146,609 bales of cotton. 2. The population of the German Empire is 52,279,901; her colonies include \$22,000 square miles.

What about Owen Meredith? L. S. This was a pen name of Edward Robert Bulwer-Lytton, eldest son of the English novelist. He was born November 8, 1831. was educated at Harrow and at Bonn, and in 1849 entered the diplomatic service, serving at most of the greater European capitals. From 1876 to 1880 he was Viceroy of India, and on returning from there was made an Earl, having succeeded to his father's title in 1872. In 1864 he mar-

nis father's title in 1873. In 1884 he mar-ried a niece of the Earl of Clarendon. His reputation as a writer rests on his poetry, "Lucille" being his best-known work. He died in Paris November 24, 1891. Is there any divorce law in Utah? 2. Is there state in the Union which grants a divorce when a State in the Union water grants a siverce water of the parties is confined in an insuine asylumits. If a man, having in this country a wife from whom he had not been divorced, were to go to Mexico, marry, and bring the second wife back lore, would be violate the law of Mexico or of this country?

R. A. M.

Yes. 2. Divorce is granted in Washington for insanity lasting ten years, in North Dakota for incurable insanity and two

years' confinement in an asylum, and in Idaho for insanity and six years' confine-ment in an asylum. 3. He would be a higamist and could be prosecuted in this country, and probably in Mexico also.

Will you tell me something of the fight made by Colonel Steptor against the Indians, at Step-or Butte, Whitman County, Wash.? L. T. M. Brevet Lieutenant Colonel Steptoe left Walla Walla on May 6, 1858, to Investigate Walla Walla on May 6, 1858, to investigate the murder by Pelouse Indians of two American miners. He had 157 men, dragoons and infantry, and two howitzers. On May 16 the command was suddenly confronted by 1,200 warriors. There was a parley, the Indians attacking on the following day as Steptoe's forces retired. The fight lasted until dark, when the soldiers, burying their cannon and leaving an but necessaries behind, stole away. By but necessaries behind, stole away morning of the following day but one they were at the Snake River, 90 miles away, and were helped to cross it by friendly Nez Perces. Two officers and live men were killed, and thirteen wounded. The Indians admitted a loss of fifty, which was prob-ably less than their actual loss.

What was the real cause of the war of 1822. How much American property was destroyed to the English? 3. How long did the war but? NOM.

A long series of humiliations put upon us by Great Britain, among them the "Or-ders in Council," which prohibited trade with us, and the impressment of thousands of American citizens in the British Navy.
The "Orders" were revoked almost at the outbreak of hostilities, so the other cause became the principal one. 2. It is impossible to say, though the amount was very large considering the extent of the fight-ing and number of troops engaged. The damage done at Washington alone was £2,-000,600, and there was much maranding elsewhere. Then our losses at sea were heavy. 3. War was declared June 19, 1812, 15th of the previous December.